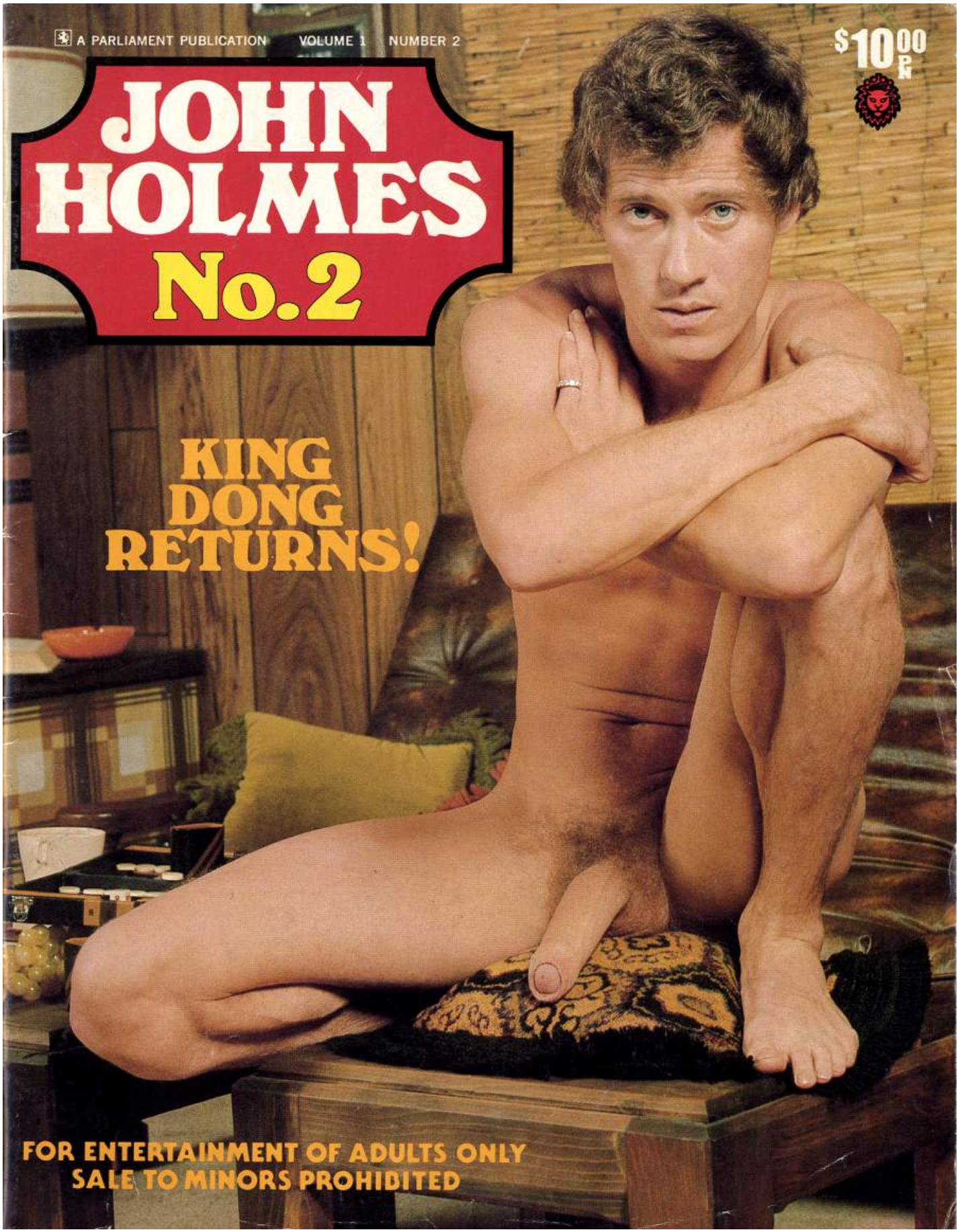
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JOHN HOLMES
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Porno Super Star

John Holmes

The Man with the Golden Tool

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2

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EDITORIAL

Although sexuality plays a very important role in every culture, large segments of our own society are still unable to come to terms with the realities of its existence. Amazingly enough, even members of the scientific community sometimes shrink back from matters sexual. An example of this is the admission of a number of leading anthropologists that they regularly delete sexual data from their research findings. The reason for this, as stated during the last annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association, was that the learned men were just "too hung up" about the subject to be able to write about it.

The result of such attitudes is that society is left with few guidelines regarding sexual matters. Instead it is left with rules created by people who, rather than accept sexuality as a natural biological and psychological condition, attempt to define and regulate it through legislation. That, in turn, results in the chaotic legal situation we have today and one which makes us a laughingstock to citizens of other, more progressive countries. One state permits oral or anal sex or homosexuality; another holds that it is punishable by law. Sexually-oriented visual or written material may be considered educational in one city and defined as obscene and banned in another.

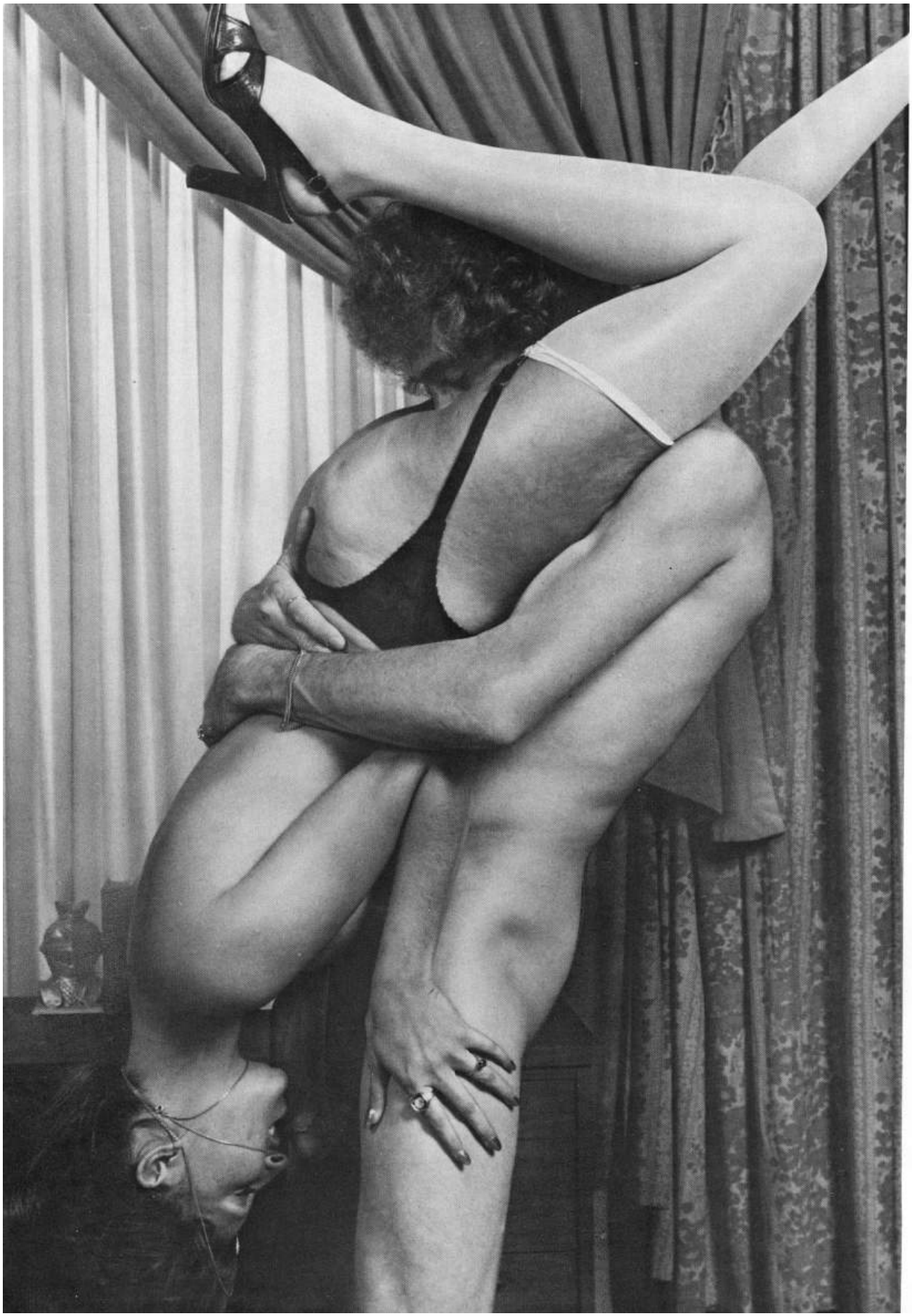
If one takes the view that sexuality does really exist and is a normal human condition, then such laws are obviously discriminatory against nature. It is equivalent to government regulation of the individual's other natural functions, such as eating or sleeping. This is, of course, also done in our society, but institutions wherein such controls over the individual are exercised are often called "prisons".

Censorship and regulation of what one may see or do in the realm of sexuality—the most personal and intimate part of man's nature—is a step towards a controlled society wherein the words "freedom" and "right to the pursuit of happiness" are mere fantasies. The only way to prevent establishment of such regimentation is for the individual to sound off to his elected representative the moment he feels his basic rights being violated by censors or other regulatory agencies. And the right to one's sexuality is a very basic one indeed!

JOHN HOLMES (March, April, May 1977) is published four times a year by Red Lion Publishing Company, 21335 Roscoe Blvd., Canoga Park, California 91304. It is produced and distributed as adult entertainment aimed at illuminating ongoing changes in the current patterns of societal behavior with the view that the picturing and displaying of the unclothed human body is deserving of increased acceptance in our contemporary culture. All rights reserved on entire contents of this issue; nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1977 by Red Lion Publishing Company. Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope; the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. We do not release any information about, or sell photographs of, any model appearing in this magazine. Any similarity between persons living or dead and the characters named in fiction or semi-fiction is entirely coincidental. All photographs in this magazine, except those of public figures, are posed by professional models, and neither the photographs nor the words accompanying them describe, or are meant to be understood as, the actual personality or conduct of the models. Distributed exclusively by Parliament News, Inc., 11085 Olinda St., Sun Valley, California, 91352. Printed in U.S.A.

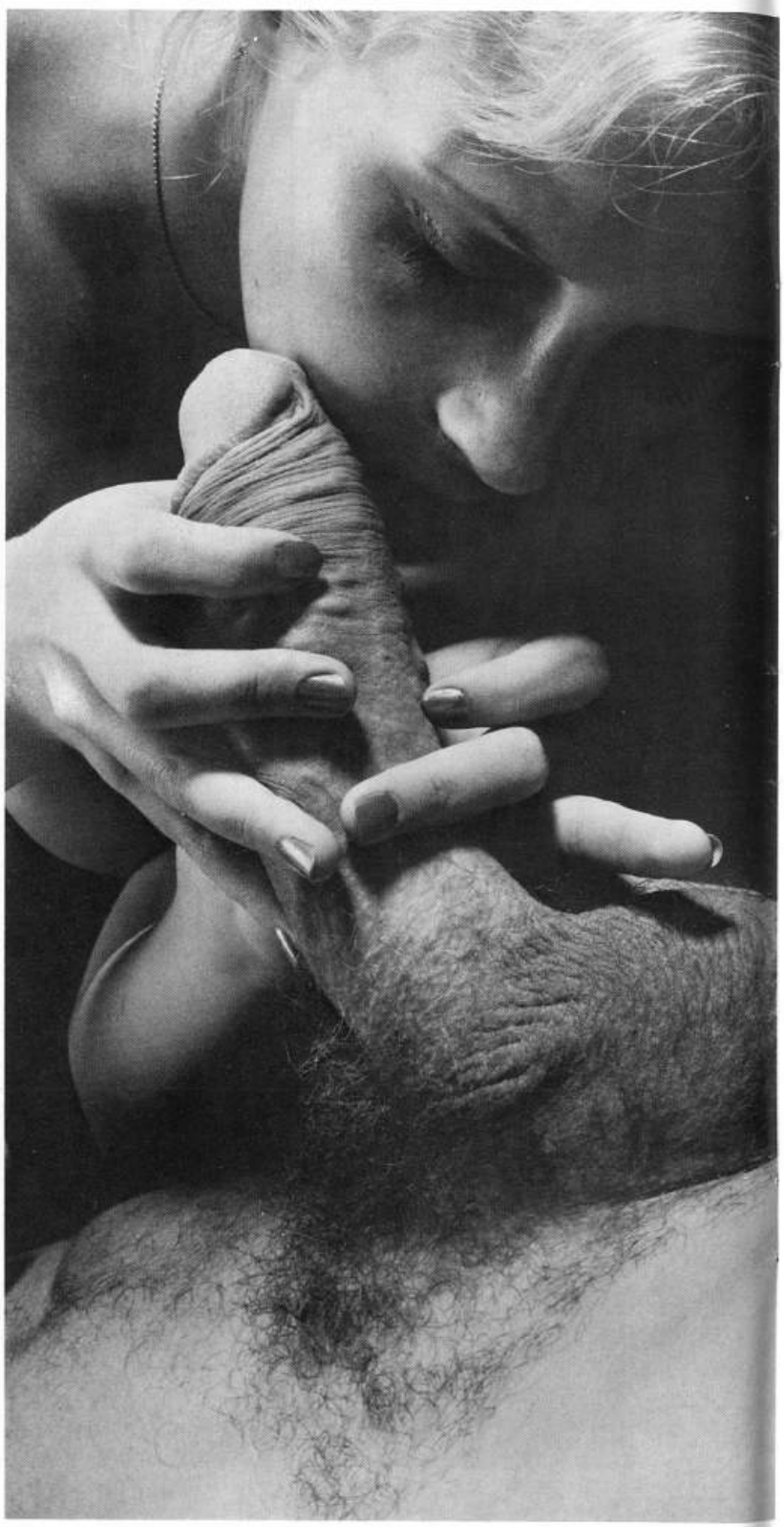
SHAFTING HIS SECRETARY

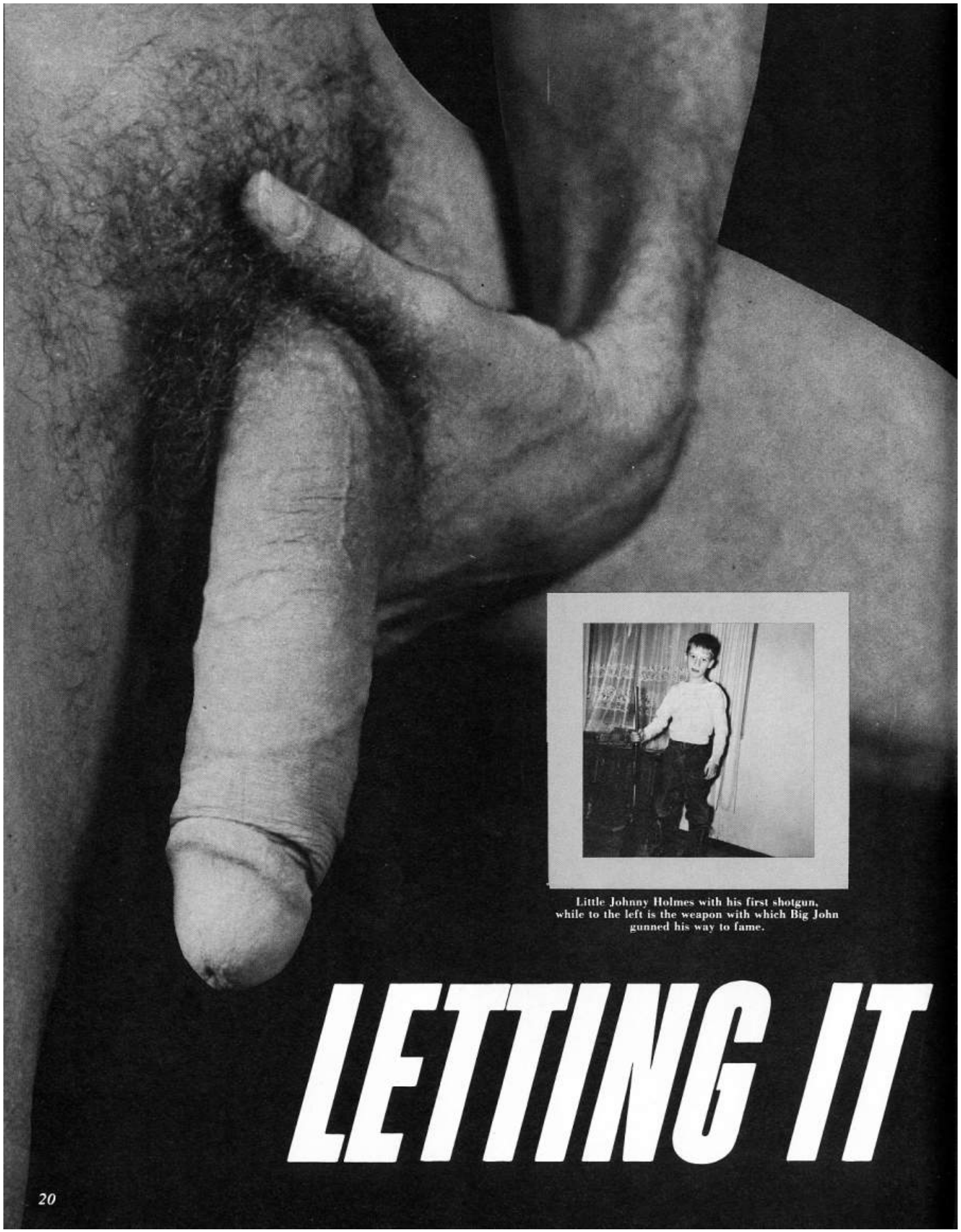
Being a man whose services are constantly in great demand all over the world, John requires the help of a secretary to keep his affairs in order. Obviously, a guy who is used to making love to literally hundreds of women is going to be particular as to the kind of chick that will work for him. She doesn't have to be a raving beauty, John says, just so she knows how to do her job and does it well, day in and day out. Girls who have worked for John all say he is a fascinating boss. True, the work is demanding, they say, but when a gal uses her head a bit to get it done just right, John will lay the biggest bonus on a girl that she can imagine! On the other hand, if the girl wants to just screw around all day and has her mind more on hanky-panky than on business, John will give her a real going over, to the point the gal will think she got royally shafted!



JOHN EATS OUT

The physical demands of John's work are immense and more than any average man could stand up to. So John sees to it that he stays in good shape all the time, and this includes eating well and regularly. He's not on any special diet, he says, just good food in moderate amounts. Since he's on the road so much, he eats out a lot and is a well-known customer in some of the best restaurants here and abroad. He's especially popular with waitresses, because word has got around that, if they serve him well, John just might eat them for dessert. It's strange but true, despite the means at his disposal, John's most pleased with the way he uses his head. If, however, a waitress wants to do more for John than just serve him her pie for dessert. Then the tip John will stuff into her purse will be the biggest wad she'll ever see!





Little Johnny Holmes with his first shotgun, while to the left is the weapon with which Big John gunned his way to fame.

LETTING IT

BY JOHN C. HOLMES

An internationally known celebrity, John Holmes has been quoted, more or less accurately, in numerous publications. Here, in an exclusive article, John gives his own views on his rise to fame, his work, and on the role of sex in our society. The famous actor, model, author and film maker pulls no punches in discussing even the intimate details of his life. As in his films, he bares all in the article, for on screen or off, John is a man that shoots straight from the hip!

ALL HANG OUT

Due to the fact that I've made a career out of exhibiting myself in sexually explicit films and magazines, I am often asked if I don't feel exploited, simply because I have a big cock, without regard as to who I really am as a person.

Well, I'd rather have a big cock than a four foot hand. Can you imagine being exploited for having a four foot hand when the rest of your body is normal? I'd much rather have a big cock! And as to myself as a person, I know where I'm at. I enjoy myself. I scuba dive, sky dive, do underwater demolition, I blow things up, I've got a gun collection, I collect cars, I've got a beautiful house I work on all the time. I've got a pool, I've got friends, lovers, companions. I am totally, mentally and physically, satisfied.

Who gives a shit why people are interested in me? Life's just too short for me to torque my mind over bullshit. Who cares if it's a cock or a smile? I'd much rather have a big cock and have people after me for my body than be rich but a dog with a two inch cock to whom everybody goes, "I love you! Let me touch your wallet!" Fuck that wallet shit. I'd much rather be wanted for something physical than material.

No, I've never felt exploited just because of the size of my cock. Hell, at first I didn't think it was anything special at all. I mean it was just me, something I'd lived with all my life, like two hands or any other part of my body. I only became aware of it when I was fourteen and did my first nude layout. By the time I was seventeen I did my first hard core sex film, and I've been in the business since. So all that exploitation stuff is bullshit. To me it's just work.

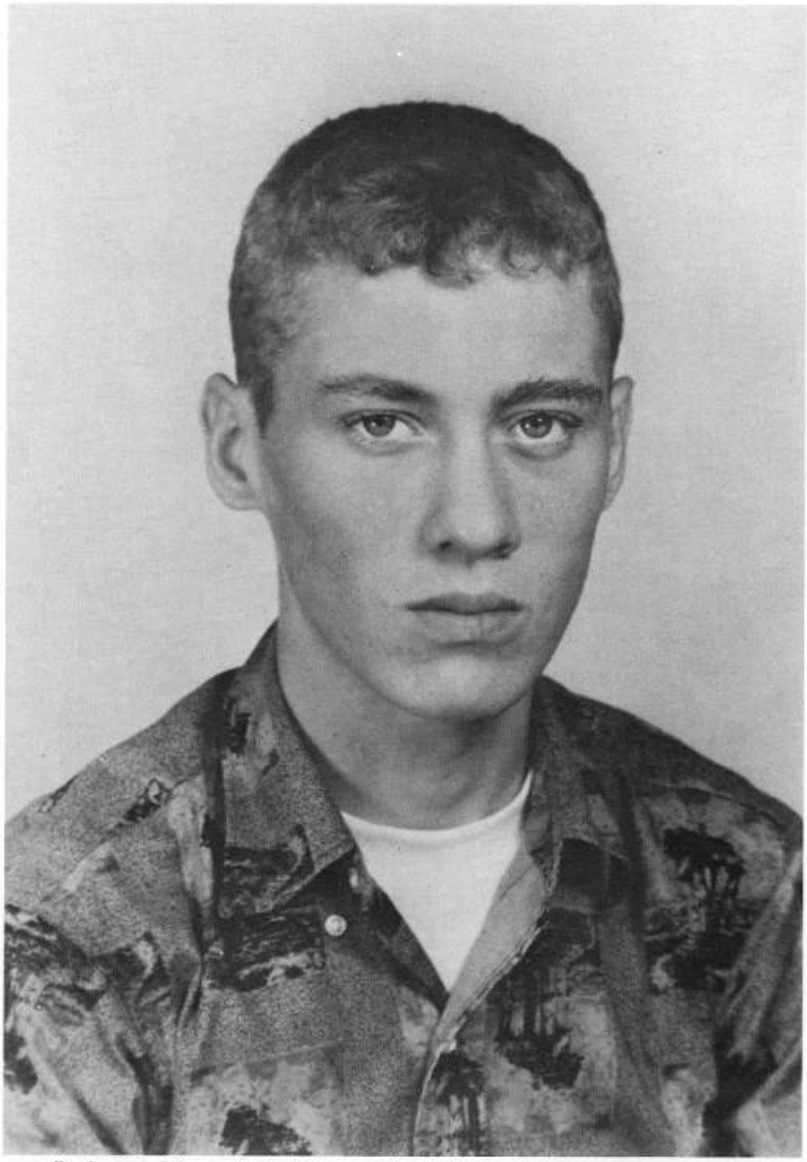
I know that to some people it sounds strange to call fucking for profit work, but that's how I look at it. The last vacation I had was eleven years ago. I work every day, and I mean every day. The only days I get off are when there's a cancellation of a shooting for some reason. Otherwise it's one assignment after another. I have twelve agents, although I'm not signed by anybody. They're in Paris, London, Tokyo, Miami, Chicago, East and West Coast. If they give me work, I'm good for my word. I mean, when I give my word, make a promise, I'd rather die than break it. Your word is your bond. If I put my name down on something, it's backed. So in this business if an agent knows he's got my word, he's got his percentages.

I do about ninety percent of my work in the States, the rest is divided between Europe, the Orient and the Canary Islands, so although I'm basically a Californian, I'm seldom home with all the flying around. But when I'm through with a job, I head for LA. I live in Beverly Hills, so LA is home.

I would say that about seventy percent of my work is in films. I've done 2,704 films, three fourths of them hard core. There was a period when for two solid years we were doing two loops a day, cranking them out six or seven days a week. But I don't just do acting in films. I've written ninety porno scripts that have sold; produced maybe seventy films and directed over 150. Usually, if I get the lead in a film I've written, I'll do production or direction, so that I've got two or three credits in a film.

To me every aspect of filming is enjoyable. I've gripped on films, gophered, run around getting coffee for the crew, everything. I've done camera work, trained in cinematography, done sound work, boom work, direction, production, coproduction, dialogue coaching. I love it! Just get into everything, man!

In the course of this work, I have fucked approximately 7,500 girls,



By the time John reached adolescence, he was leading an extremely active sex life.

give or take a hundred. It's never mattered to me what they looked like, if it was work. I just fantasize about whoever I'm with. Everyone has natural attributes: a beautiful set of tits, a great ass, innocence, face . . . everybody has something you can fantasize on. It doesn't really matter what they look like, as long as they smile and are friendly and come on to me as much as I come on. If there's compatibility, it's great. But if there's friction, that's another story.

There have been times when I've worked on a set with homosexual girls, and their girlfriends, or boyfriends—whoever they happened to be—were right on the set peering at me. The girl then doesn't dare smile at you, because there's her old lady or old man. They don't dare to turn on to you. That's happened in heterosexual situations also. I'd be working with a girl and there's her old man, standing there and fuming. And I'm going: "Hey! What? I'm here for the bucks! Get off my back!"

But generally, I have a good rapport with the people I work with. I don't know, to me, I'm nothing special. To me, I'm just me. So I treat everybody like I treat me. And I treat me *good*. I do. I love me! It's not as if I stand around in front of a mirror and stare at myself. I just really get along great with myself. What my body wants to do, my mind wants to do, and vice versa. I'm just happy with who I am.

Even though at times there's great compatibility on a set, the work can get pretty rough for other reasons. One time when we were doing a film, we had a studio rented for 38 hours, after which time another crew was scheduled to come in. It took us half an hour to get there, and half an hour to pack up and leave. In between we shot for thirty-seven hours. We had six meals, and when we weren't in front of the cameras, we were sleeping. I mean you just laid down and went to sleep and they woke you up five minutes before your scene so you could Visine your eyes. People were just dying on the set. You'd work, go through your dialogue, go through your scene, and then they'd say: "Cut! That's a print!" and everybody would just drop in whatever position they were in. I did eight orgasms during that period, but then I had to do nine in eight hours of filming. I had to take a day off after that to get some sleep.

Personally, I think the day's not far off when there will be legitimate films which show hard core sex scenes. It's getting closer and closer. Major stars are already doing nude, simulated sex scenes, so the majors are reaching the point we were at twelve years ago. What I mean is that the porno, or hard core films, or skin flicks, whatever one calls them, were pioneers in this. There have been people who have gone to jail for years and have spent millions of dollars for lawyers in order to take films from the simulated, dry humping all the way to hard core. They've fought the courts for the past eleven years, and now it's gotten to the point that if you want to buy a hard core film, you can buy it in the stores in most States. We have registered the legality of it, the constitutionality of it, and we have proved that it's your constitutional right that if you want to pay five bucks, you can walk into a movie house and see a dirty movie. Because we have fought this battle, the majors are beginning to cash in on it.

Take the "Last Tango in Paris." The only harassment the film got was when it got banned in Italy. Why? For publicity! What kind of a market do you have in Italy? What can you make? A hundred thousand

dollars? Well, they got two million dollars of publicity by having it banned there.

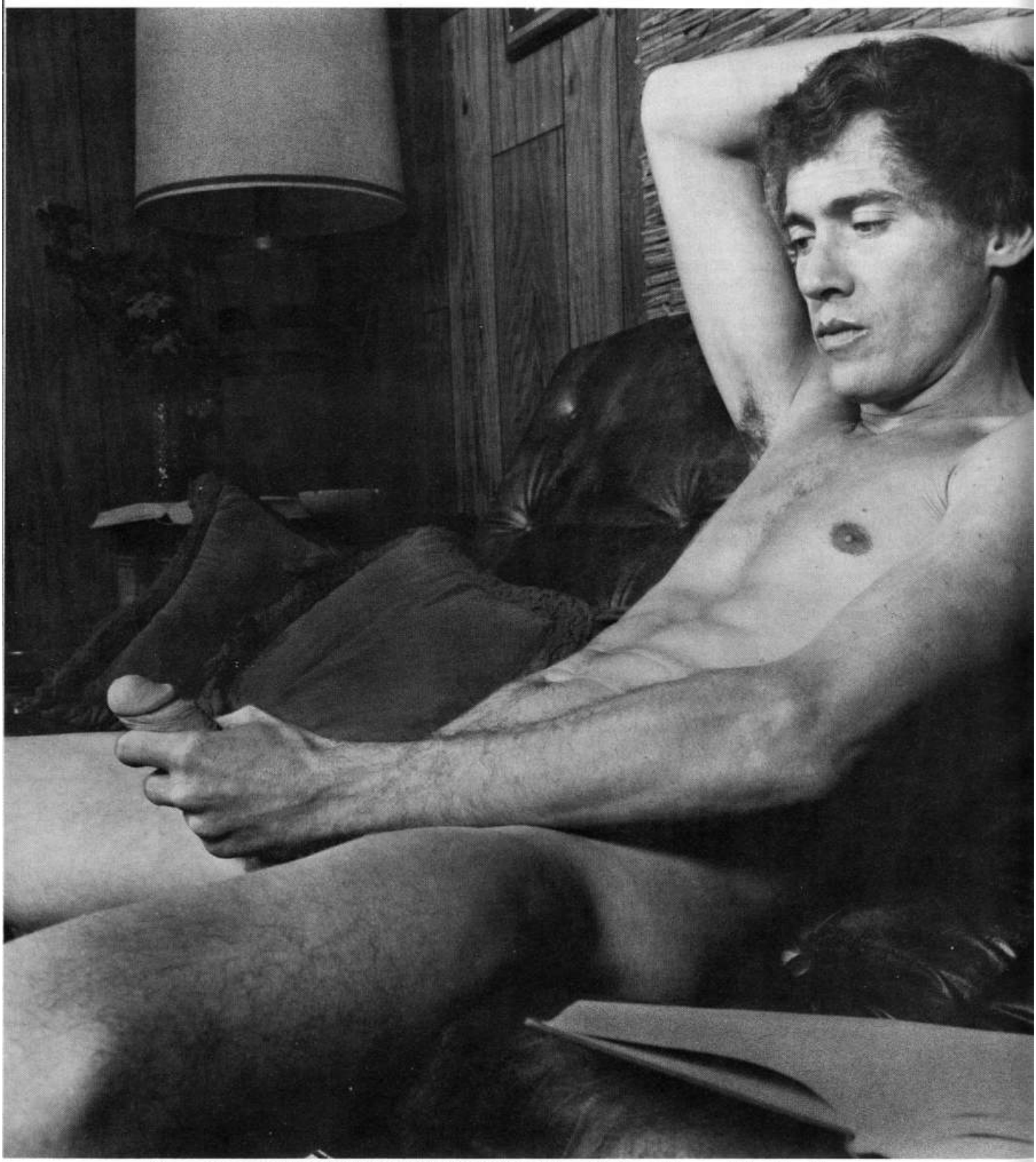
I think that if there's any doubt in anybody's mind as to whether porn should be legalized or not, then you've had the wrong family upbringing or you have not been taught properly in school what it means to be an American. If you have been taught that sex is dirty, wrong, immoral, filthy, you're mentally in a lot of trouble! If you go to bed with just your old lady, and you're pumping her straight on, missionary style, man, she's not happy. You need a variety in your sex. Sex for an animal is great. They get on dog style, they stroke four or five times, they get off, that's it. Mankind has reached a pinnacle of mentality right now that an animal will never reach. I suppose there are still guys who just jump on their old lady, stroke five or six times and get off and that's it, but for the normal, young American, he has to have variety in his sex. At least twenty-three positions that are common, oral sex, swapping partners . . . if that's what you want, do it. Animals do it. But if there's any idea in your mind that it shouldn't be legal, you're in a shit bucket of trouble.

All you have to do is read the Constitution. You have the right to read, or observe, anything that you want to.

We had a cunt, a hundred years ago, named Queen Victoria, and you know, we still haven't gotten over that bitch? She couldn't have had her head together, yet we are still living by the premises she set down. We're still living in the Victorian Era. I know kids that are growing up that have never seen their parents nude and learn where babies come from in junior high school. Ask kids four to sixteen years old where babies come from. Half of them don't know!

Our schools don't teach proper sex education. If you have a normal, healthy human being that masturbates at the age of three, that's the normal age for beginning masturbation. And the kid doesn't know what he's doing, and the parent catches him at it and slaps his hands and says: "That's dirty!" That kid's going to grow up with hangups. You have to sit down and explain to that kid what he's doing, why he's doing it, and by the time he or she's

Soft-spoken and casual, John conducts one of his many interviews during a break between shooting sessions. Below,caught in a thoughtful mood, he exhibits the firm, masculine qualities that have made him a sought-after star in the world of erotic films.



In a pensive mood, John contemplates the tool with which he pried open the door to his current international fame.

Although still a small lad, at this age John was about to have his first taste of sex.

Johnny Holmes, before he hunted girls.

eleven, they should know what reproduction is all about. It should be common knowledge. But in the United States, I've seen girls grow up and not know how to make love by the time they were eighteen. Hand jobs in the back of the car. That's not right. That's not sexual education. That's kind of stumbling into stupidity. You have to be trained.

If you're an animal, you have a normal, animal function. You get on the back, you hump, and that's it. But you're a human being, and everything a human being knows has got to be taught. Because instinct has been trained out of us. You take any Californian. He doesn't know when it's going to rain. He can't feel it in the air when it's going to rain. He can't feel in the air when it's going to snow. He can't feel these things. Normal instinct has been ground out of us. We have to be taught. We do not teach children to grow up with a half-assed guess about life. They'd better start teaching sex education in schools much younger.

I average around 190 letters a day. At least 70 of those letters are thank you letters. "My wife and I went and saw one of your films. It has opened completely new vistas for making love. Love making is no longer a boring thing. It's an erotic thing we look forward to every night."

It gives me a good feeling. Because I'm taking the place of the parents and schoolteachers who never taught them what they should have learned. And that's a shame. But some of the same people who write me how my films turned them on and improved their sex lives still refuse to teach their kids about sex. Still ashamed about it. As far as discussing the morality of America, I think America has a long goddamned way to go. If a man and a woman want some privacy from their children, whether they are married or just living together, what do they do? They say: "Here's a dollar, here's five dollars. Go take your sister to a movie. Go see a movie." All they say is: "Don't go to a dirty movie." It's okay to see John Wayne, Charlie Bronson . . . fifty or sixty people getting blown away . . . guts, bullets whipping through bodies, ribs hanging off a wall like in the "Texas Chainsaw Massacre." That's cool. That's great! You can go see that. But don't go see normal, healthy, happy sex. Think about that. Isn't that insane? I mean it's crazy! That you can see just dirt and violence of every bloody type you can imagine portrayed on the screen, and it's okay for kids to go see it. But normal, healthy, happy sex is taboo. Think about it. That's totally fucking insane. That's craziness! Now, kids grow up thinking: "Okay, if I get into a hassle, or I get into a dispute with someone, what do you do?" What you've been allowed to see all your life. You're allowed to kill, bludgeon, murder, shoot, knife stab . . . what the hell, you've been watching it in movies all your life. But for God's sake, don't kiss anybody and make love to them. Because that's dirty. Right? Are you ready for that shit? That's craziness. That's insane.

I got myself together sexually pretty early in life. I was eight years old when I got a blow job in a bath from a Swiss nanny that spoke no English. I lived with a very wealthy aunt in Miami Beach at the time. When the nanny blew me, I was quite capable of orgasm, as I had been beating off for years already. The next day I fucked her on the beach. It was great. I was giving head, getting head, doing fifteen to twenty positions by the time I was ten years old. Then they fired her! I went nuts! I was going crazy, beating off four times a day. But I was used to normal sex by the time I was ten.

People often ask me if men don't get inferiority complexes when they see me in films because of the size of my cock. I suppose some do, especially if they're not sure of themselves sexually to begin with. But if you're

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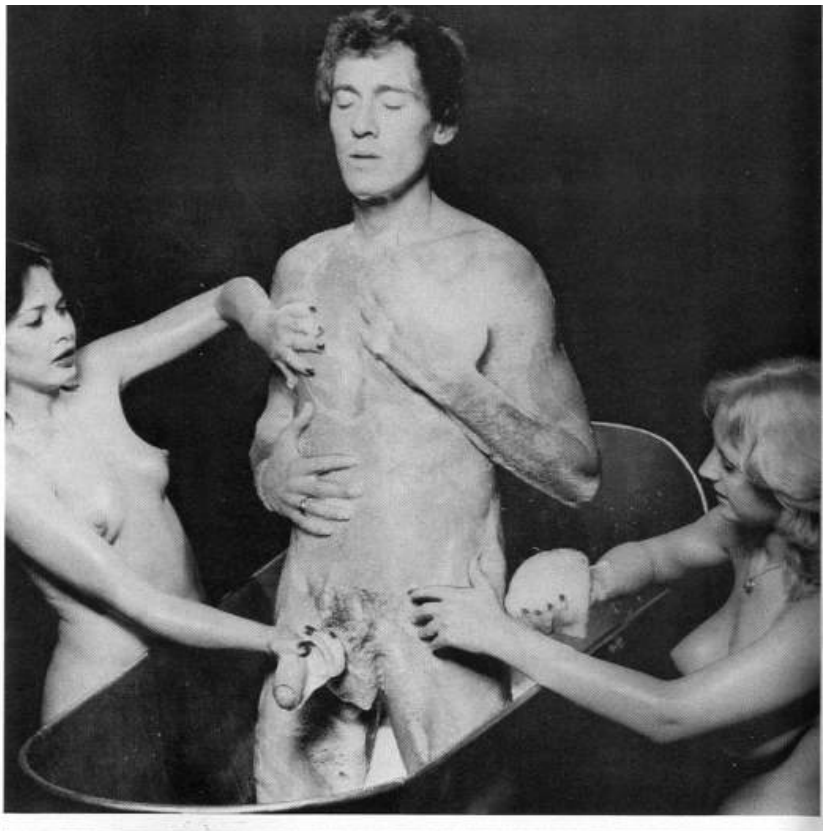
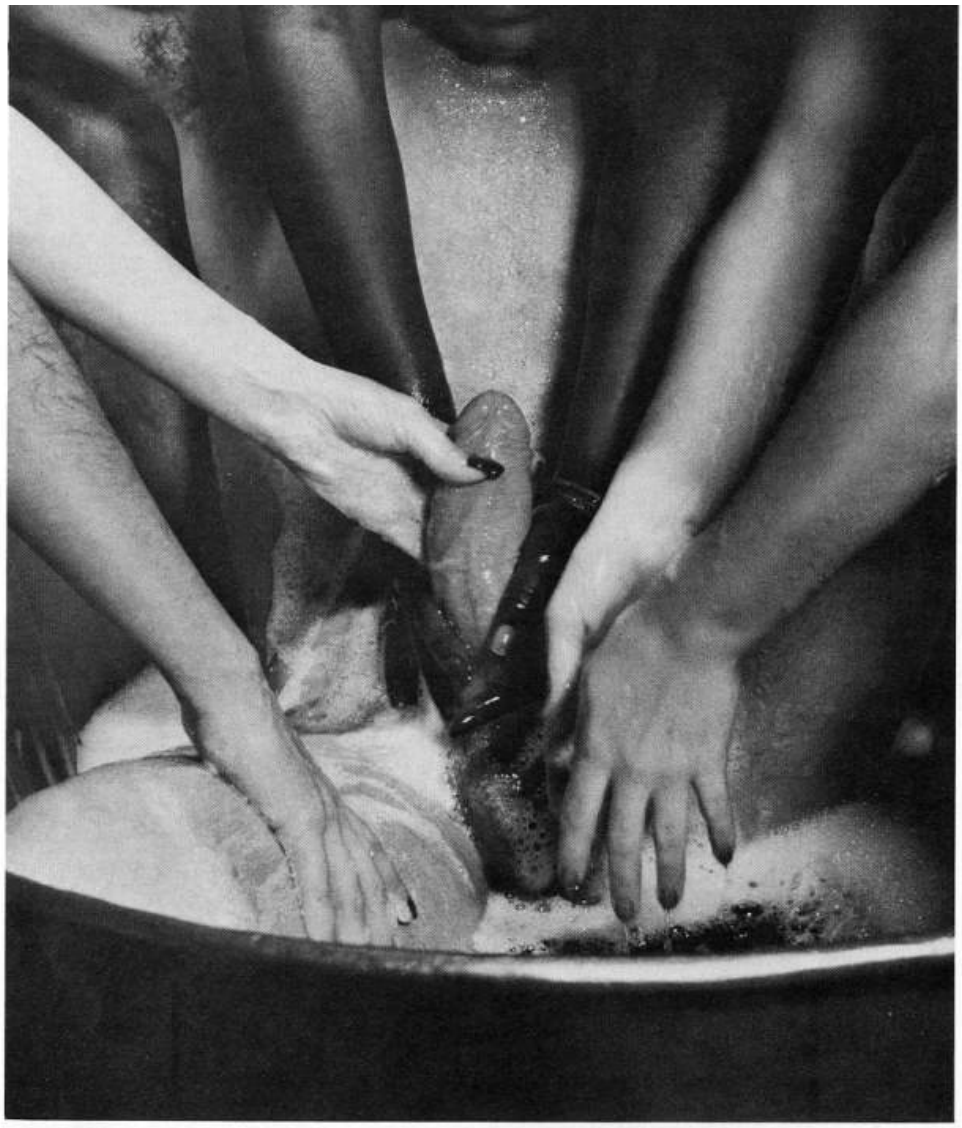
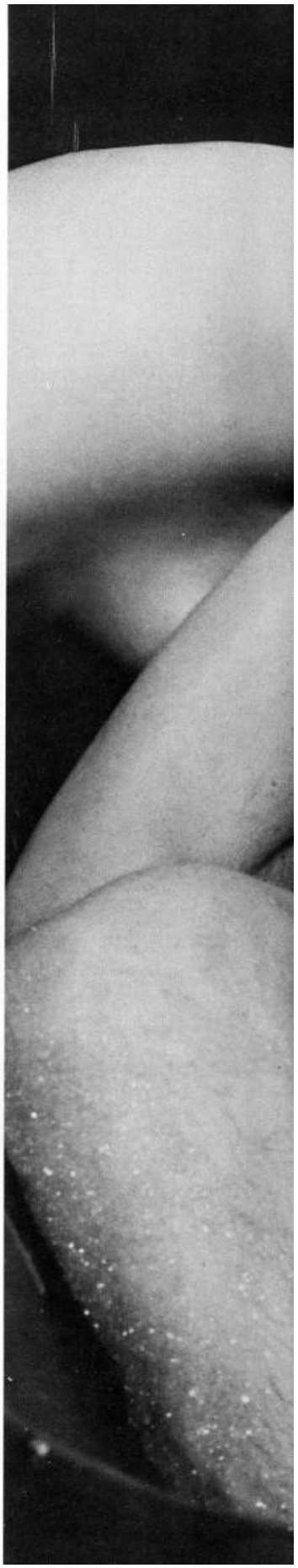
DUNKED DONG

A good hot bath is something that John enjoys and likes to make a ritual out of. He picked up the habit in the Far East, where communal bathing is an ancient custom, so almost any time John's in the tub, you can bet he's got plenty of company. It's also the lazy man's way to come clean, John admits, for all he has to do is relax and let all those other hands work him up into a lather. The gals love to share the tub with John and with their clever hands they see to it that by the time John's finished, so much creamy lather has been churned up that you can't tell if it's John or just the suds!







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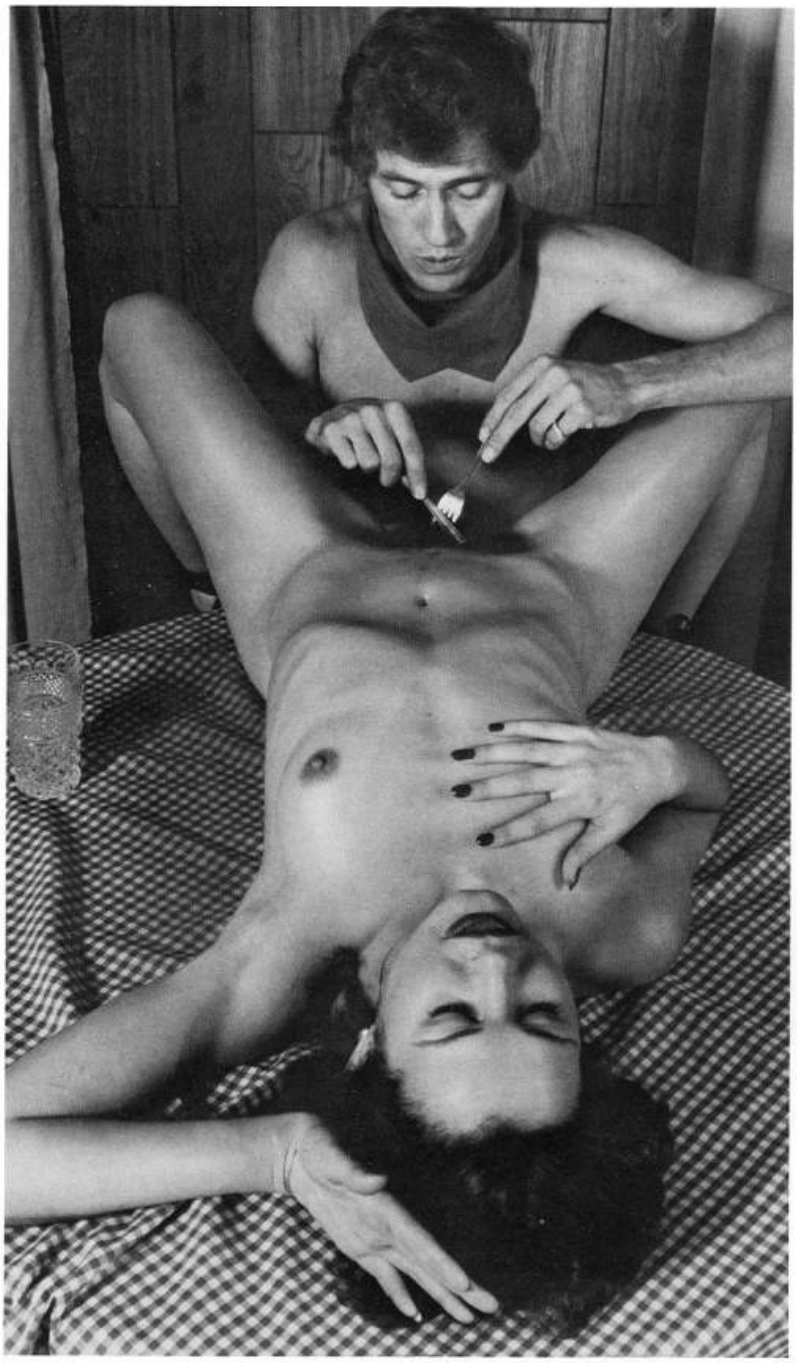


Always a gourmet, John loves to eat any tasty piece that a gal might want to serve him.

sure of yourself in bed and know you can please a woman, then you know it isn't size that matters. It's ability. It's how you move in bed. It's what you can do in bed. If you've got a six inch cock and you get on a woman in one position, I don't care if you ride her for half an hour and she gets off two times, you're not a good lover. But if you can get into oral sex, and give head—good! I mean get her off a few times by just giving head and get her really worked up. And then hit four or five different positions and get her off some more, then you're a good lover. But you can't expect a woman to enjoy it if you just jump into one position.

I enjoy most every position in sex, so I just leave it up to the girl. I hit five or six different positions and by that time you can tell whether the girl is vaginal or clitoral. Some girls can only get off with their vagina. With the hole. The stroke in the hole. And those you can do dog style, from the side or sixty nine. And then you have clitoral. And those just do not climax unless they have clitoral friction and action. Out of the close to eight thousand women I've had, being made love to includes the vagina. And with the friction you achieve in the vagina, and the friction on the clitoris—it's a duel. I don't particularly care to make love to a woman that's just clitoral because you really have to work at upper clitoral action.

I enjoy sex and I enjoy working, so I've combined the two and love it! Women turn me on. Especially their eyes and lips. The first thing I look at when I meet a girl are her eyes, then her mouth. After all, you can't fuck tits. The ass is third, because I like to hold an ass while fucking.

Now that I've had so much exposure, I get pestered quite a bit and have to do a lot of hiding. Women want to pick me up all the time. When I go to a restaurant, people will send over champagne or come over for autographs. I've signed tits, asses, arms and legs. I've signed everything.

If a woman is really attractive or appeals to me, I might go to bed with her for free. I don't go to bed with women for money if they can't afford it. It's really hell to go to bed with somebody who's digging into their rent money. It's not right. And after all, I have my regular clientele of about thirty women who get serviced whenever I'm in town or their husbands are out.

Basically, I don't accept money from them. What happens is that when we go out I'll pick her up in my car and stop for gas. I'll fill the tank, she gives me a fifty and I keep the change. She'll give me a hundred to pay for dinner and I'll keep the change. And so on through the evening until we go to bed. In a couple of days there'll be a check in the mail for a couple of hundred, so that a night averages out at somewhere between $350 and $500.

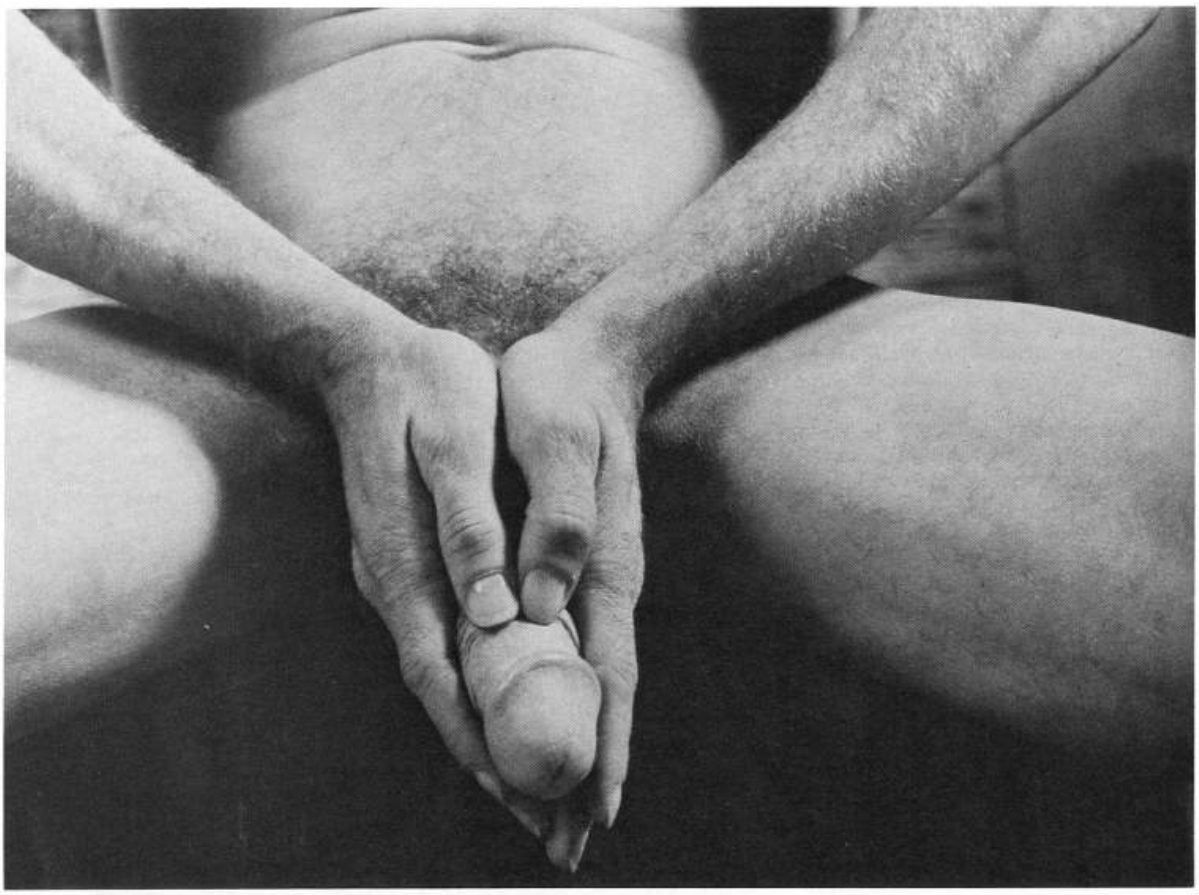
I suppose that makes me a whore. I can get really slutty on occasions. I mean, I get nastier than shit! I'll pick up three or four girls and do a foursome for money. That would

make a girl a slut, so I guess it makes me a slut too. But then every male is a whore. Think about it. It's true. Women hate the word whore, or slut, or bitch or prostitute. They hate it. They really fight it. But if you stop to think about it, women either are, or are not, whores. All men are whores. Think about it. I mean I don't care how good-looking a guy is, or if he's a multi-millionaire, or whether he's a ditch digger, if some girl serves him a little thigh and grins at him, he'll fuck her! Every dude's a whore! I mean every dude!

People will say that's a cold attitude towards sex. That it leaves out the emotional element in sex so that only the physical is left. That's all a lot of horseshit. When a guy meets a girl, before he makes out with her, and for the first three weeks when he's fucking her, he dry humps her in elevators, he grabs her by the tits when they're in the car. He goes nuts. After you get married, or three months after you're going with a girl: "Oh! Hi! How are you? Well, let's go to dinner. Are we having sex tonight? No? Well, what the heck. Possibly next week . . ." No harm. What's

Doing the dishes as a little boy was not the only way way Johnny gave his nanny a hand.

John's rise to stardom was due in large measure to the efficient way in which he personally handled his chief asset.



Very early in his career, John realized he would often have to be a hard man with a firm control of his outstanding talent.

that? It's a lot of bullshit. Intimacy, sexual beauty, is lost after the initial phases of love making. Then it's just a fuck. Because you become accustomed to each other. The only time there's intimacy and beauty in a relationship with meaningful, heartfelt love and warmth, is at the beginning of a relationship. Man, after you're used to it, it's a piece of ass.

I've got two dogs and three cats. I'm nuts over them. I get intimate love relationships with my animals. I love my animals. That's love, mental emotionalism. As far as women are concerned, I maintain a good balance. There's always one person I'm in love with. Everybody else is a sexual emotionalism, as opposed to a mental-physical emotionalism. There's a balance. There's a difference. There's fucking and there's making love. When you fuck somebody you're doing it in an erotic, smasmodic response to a body function. When you make love to somebody, your mind is there, your heart is there, your soul, your feeling, your inner being and your cock.

I know all about that, because I was in love once with one woman for a very long time, but that's not something I want to get into here. Now I enjoy keeping some of my relationships warm, but without the kind of involvement that would make things complicated. I have no desire to get married or shack up for any length of time with just one girl. And as far as having a family goes, kids, that kind of shit—no way, man!

I like kids a whole bunch, because I'm a graduate physical therapist in pediatrics. Five years at UCLA. So I love kids, but not mine. If I had kids of my own, I'd kill 'em! But I like being around other people's kids. There's nothing permanent about having kids. It's suicide. You want to fuck, you want to go out, enjoy yourself, you want to go to a movie, can't get a babysitter—waaa!—"Get that kid out of this movie!"

Kids are a stick in the ass. Figure it out. You know how much it costs to have a kid from birth until they are eighteen years old? $41,000. And then, when they're eighteen years old, they start sucking dope and cocks and tell you to fuck off. So what have you got? You're in the hole $41,000 and they tell you to kazoo it!

No, I don't need kids to fill out my life. I am too busy as it is, and I have all kinds of interests that take up all of the time I can spare away from work. I like to read. I write extensively. I have five paperback books in print. About naturalism, wildlife, fishing. I write short stories and have had several published in magazines. But never under my own name. Would you want your kid to read a fucking book by John C. Holmes? Even if it was a bear book, you know the bear would have to be fucked, right? I love poetry. I like Shakespeare. I read his works extensively. I like Sherlock Holmes. I like Richard S. Prather, hate Hemingway. Hobbies? I like to give

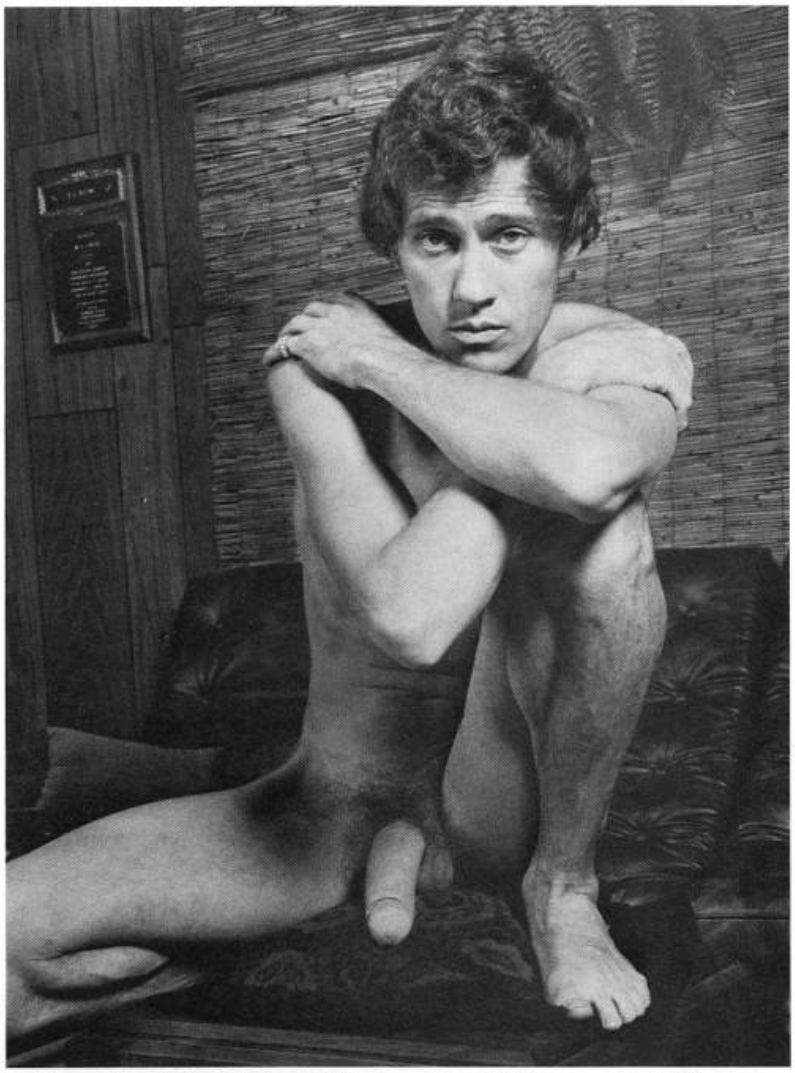
head. Food? I like to give head.

No, I really think I got it together. I either have done, or will do, everything I wanted to do in life. Sure, there are a few things that haven't happened. Like I've never been deep-throated. It's just never been done. But I don't feel bad about it or miss it. I've had women tell me that men half my size have hurt them, yet I don't hurt them. I don't just jump on them and get it on. I like head and enjoying giving oral sex. When I go down on a woman, I can go down on her to the point that she's really worked up and trying to pull me up to make love to her. So it's stimulation. Foreplay. It's when a woman wants you. If a woman wants to go to bed with you, she'll fuck you. That's right, if a woman wants you inside her, she's ready. So you just don't put it in until she's going: "Ah . . . Fuck me! Please! I'm ready!"

Speaking of getting deep-throated, I have never met Linda Lovelace, although there have been several attempts to get us together for a loop or a film. Every time her side asked for such unbelievable sums of money that nothing came of it. Anyway, there's no way she could deep-throat me, so the whole question is academic.

I guess there are still a lot of women that I haven't gone to bed with that I would really like to fuck. How many and who are they? Oh, Christ! Hundreds of thousands of them! Shit, every day there's fifty or sixty of them. No, I have quite an extensive clientele of women who I go to bed with for money. And I've got an extensive amount of girls I go to bed with for free, because I enjoy it. And it's a lot of celebrities. I mean a lot of Vegas celebrities, a lot of cinema celebrities. I've been to bed with a lot of people. It would blow you away to know who I've been with. And if I have an urge to do it with two or three that I haven't even met yet, who are in the cinema or singers, or entertainers, then if I ever met them, I would definitely like to go to bed with them. I guess they're sort of on my waiting list.

All in all, life's been pretty good to me. My work has been good to me, and I plan to work just as long as there will be people who want to see me. I may also have a biography published. Right now I've got seven different offers. Four of them are just "NO," because they want to do it with hard core pictures and sell it in adult book stores and through mail order. I've got that up the kazoo. Everybody in the business has that. I want a book that can be sold in drugstores, dime stores, grocery stores. A nice, easy reading, common level book. I think it would be interesting, so I may accept one of the three other offers.



Easy-going and cheerful, John exhibits none of the inflated ego associated with stars.

Obviously, I feel there is no stigma attached to the kind of work I do. I have a general outlook on that. I feel that if you aren't paying my rent, get out of my face. That's it, pure and simple. Nobody supports me but me and myself. Therefore, if you're saying something I don't want to hear, I'll turn around and walk away. No one is that important to me that I have to stand there and take a lot of bullshit. And that includes producers, directors, backers, publishers. If I don't like what you're coming across with, I walk away. If you agree with me, I'll sit and listen to you all night. I'll love it! But if your moralistic outlook on life doesn't agree with mine, I'll walk away. I mean I've got it set in my mind what I like, what I appreciate, what I do in life, the goals I have set. What I'm reaching for. So get out of my way, life's too short.

So that's the whole thing. John C. Holmes, whose sign is triple Leo with three houses in Leo, and whose favorite color is blue, is, in almost every aspect of life, completely content. I've been everywhere and done whatever I wanted to do. All, or mostly all, thanks to a big cock.

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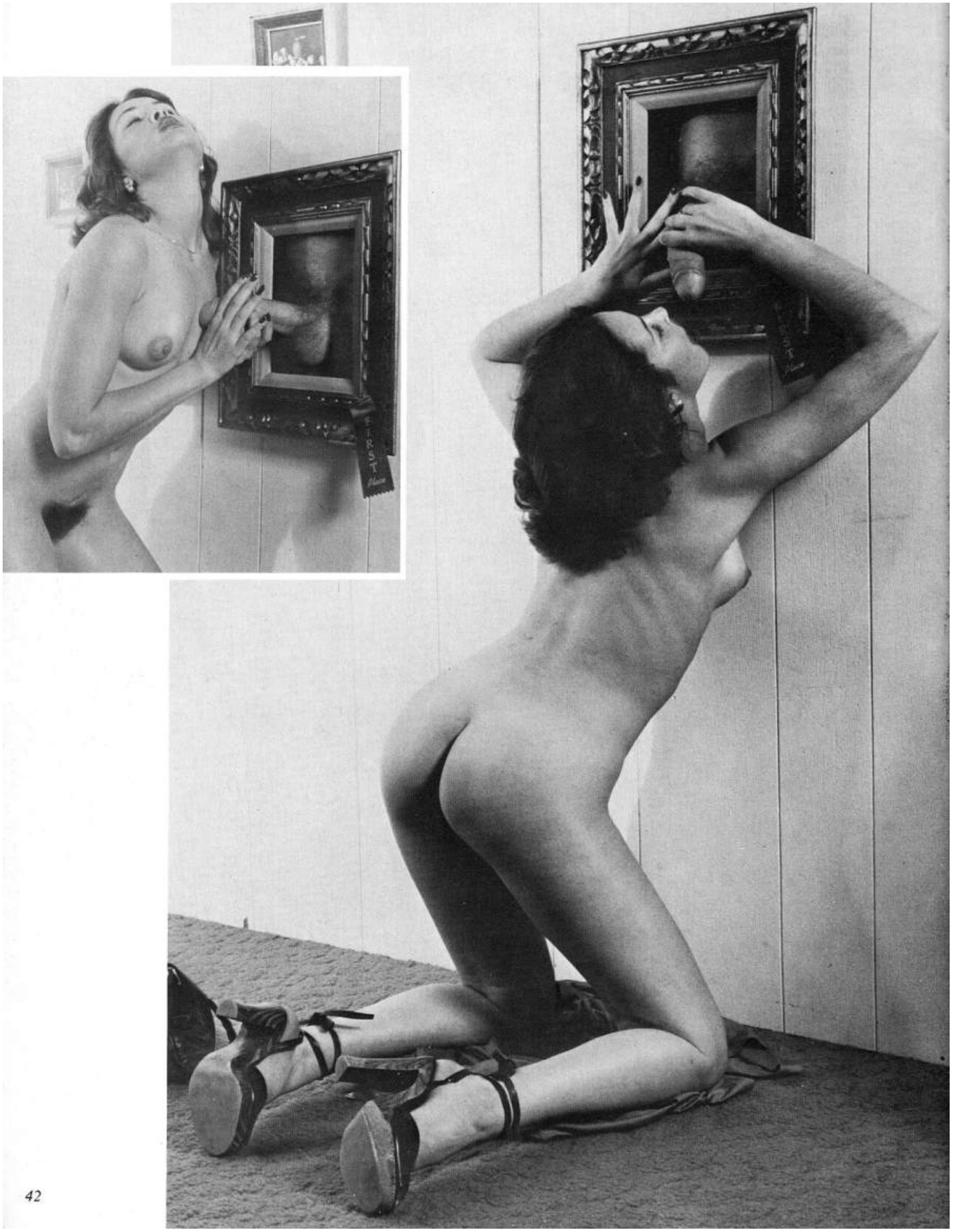
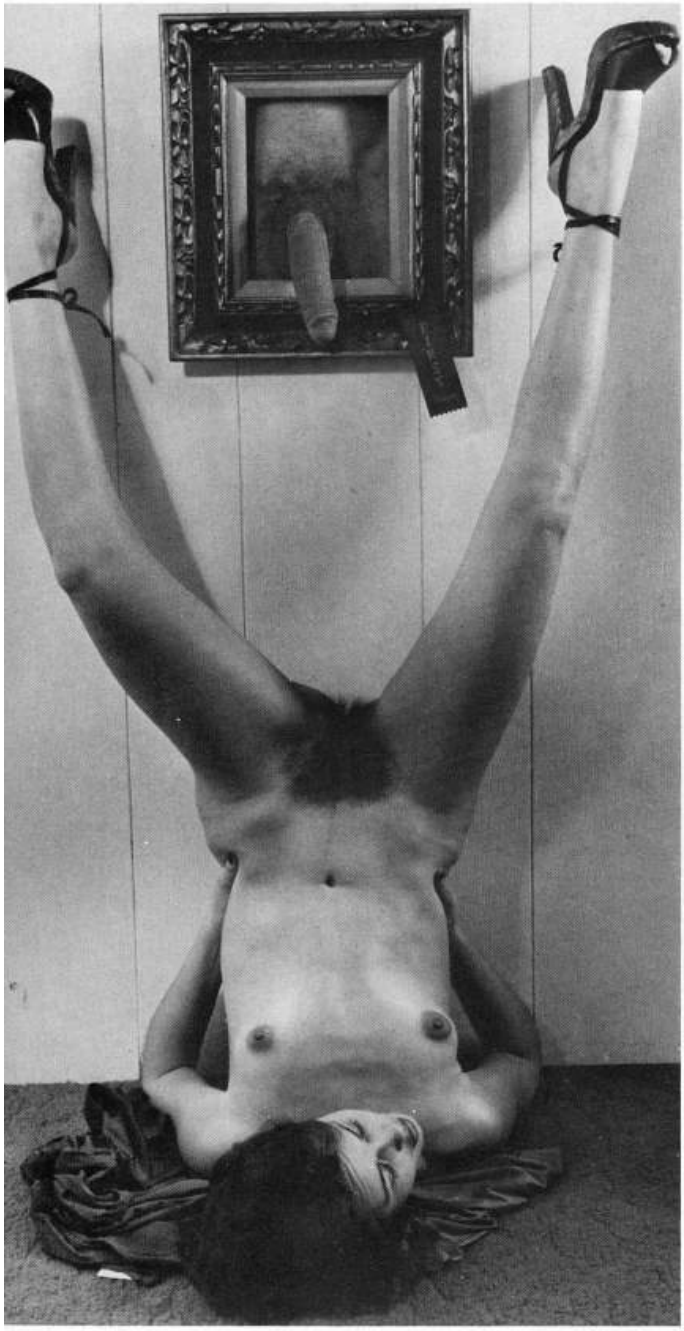
JOHN'S PRIZE EXHIBITION

Making a spectacle of himself is something that comes naturally to John. After all the years he's been a professional model, he knows what is his best asset, no matter what side it's viewed from. So when one gallery announced that it would conduct a show of original works of art, John put on exhibit that gun of his in hopes of copping a prize. It was hung so well it attracted all sorts of attention and women just couldn't keep their hands off it. The judges were so impressed with the classic, long-barreled piece-maker, that they gave John first prize and announced that his was a true masterpiece!

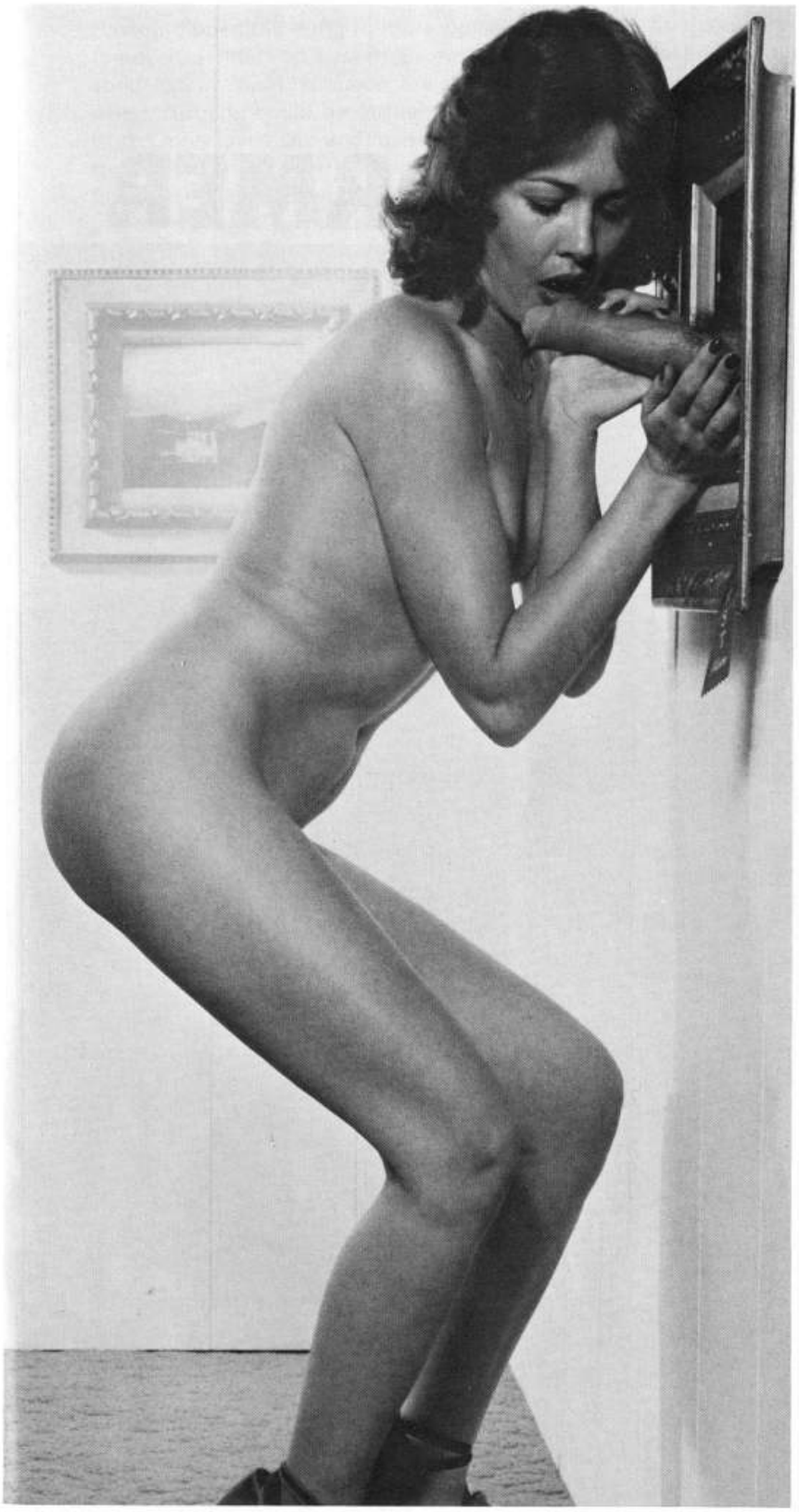
This young lady was so fascinated with John's exhibit that she stayed for hours waiting to be alone and have a chance to study it closely. John obliged her, knowing that lovers of great works needed time to be able to fully absorb and appreciate them. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, they say, and John saw to it that this gal got an eyeful!



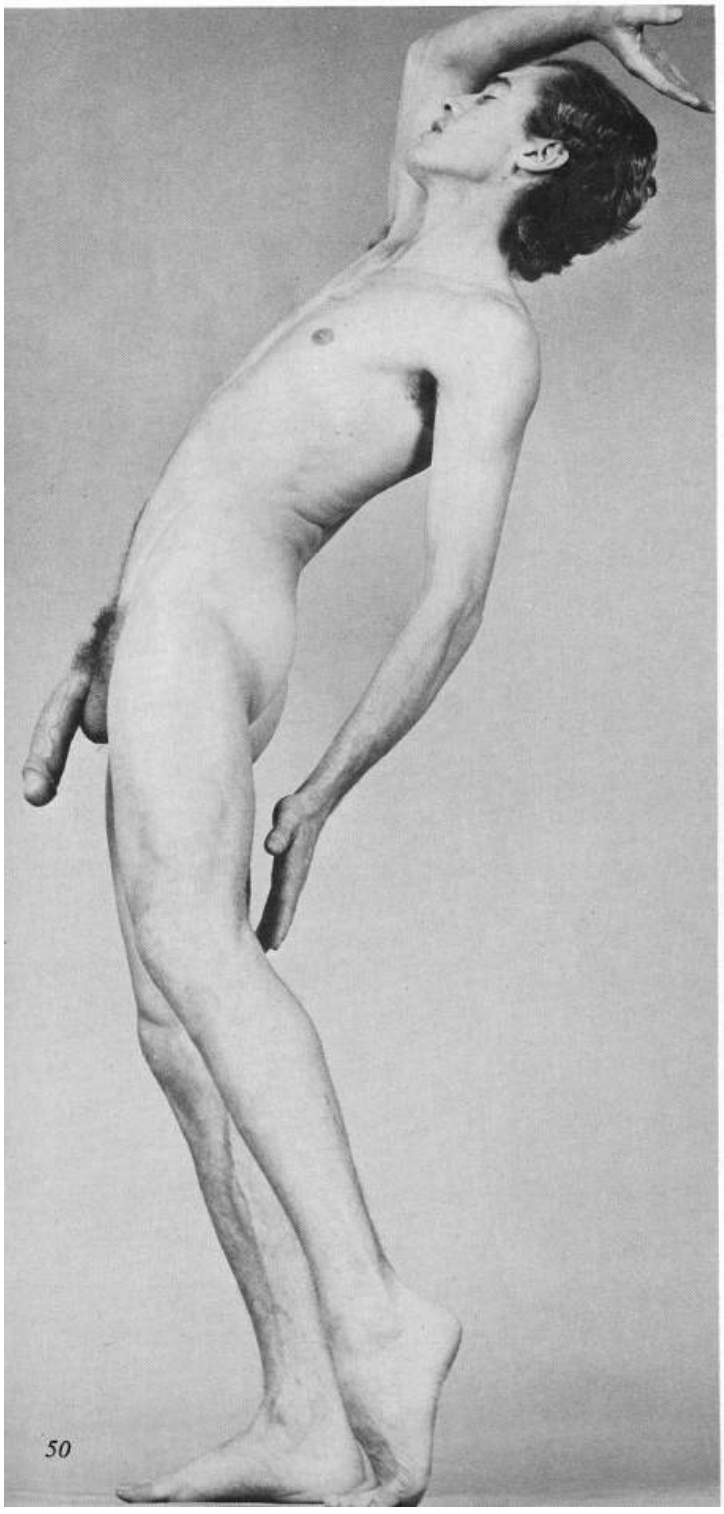


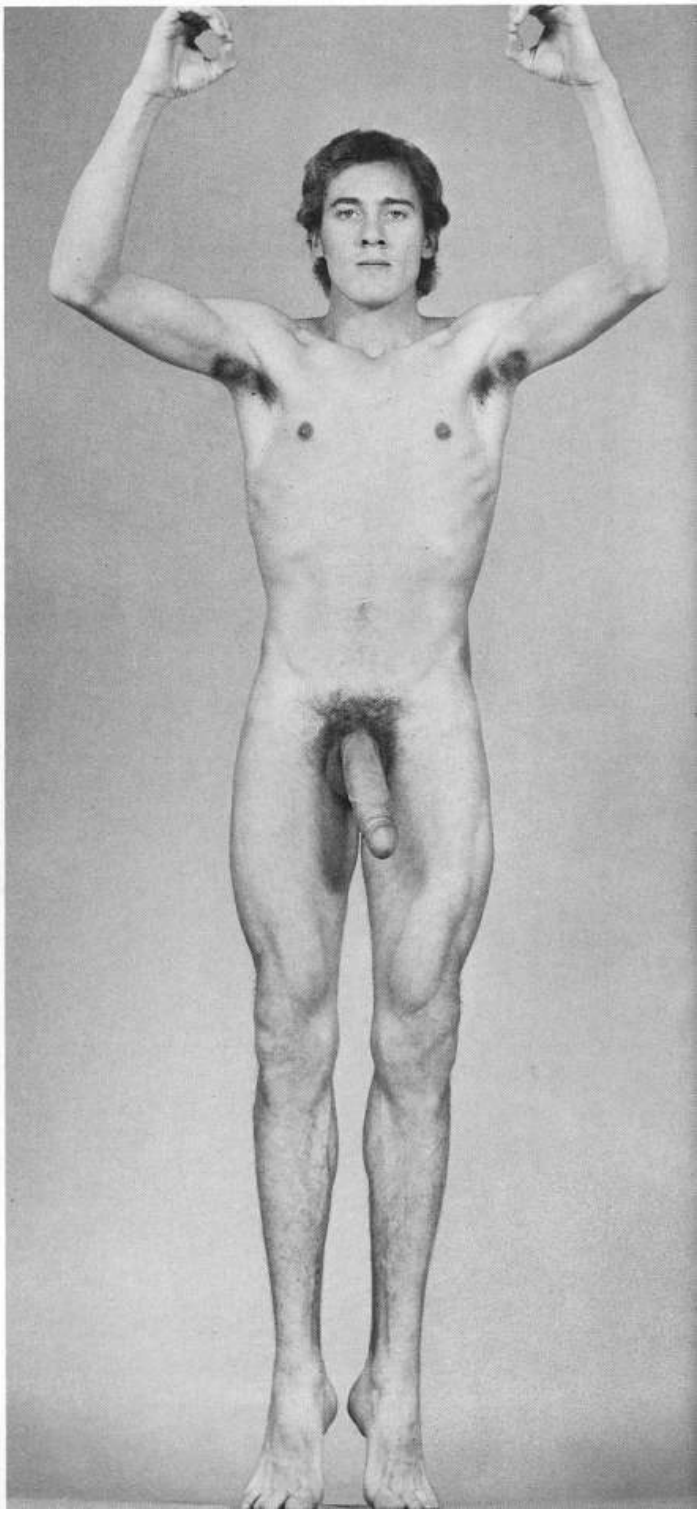
FIRST

FIRST
Place

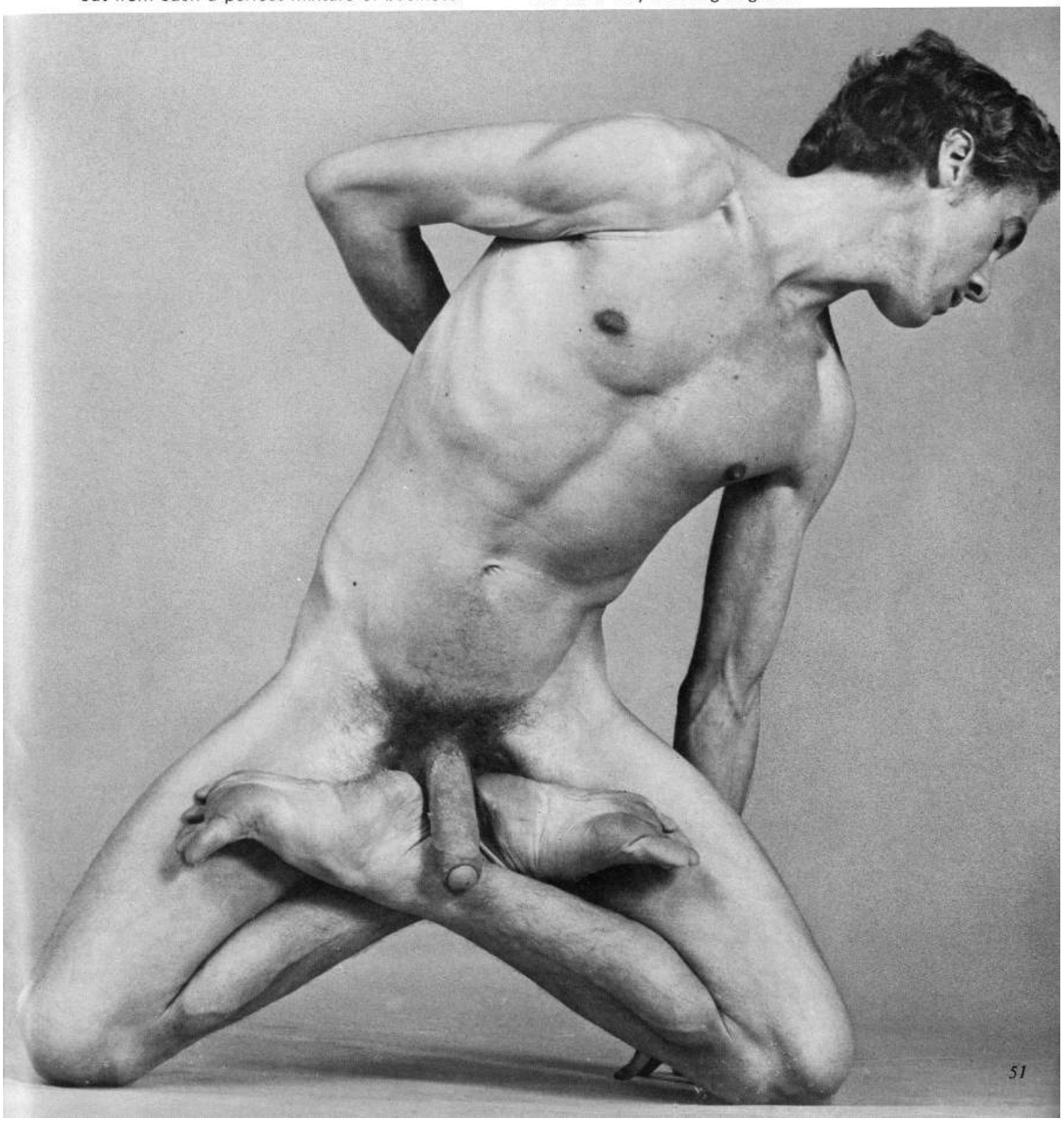


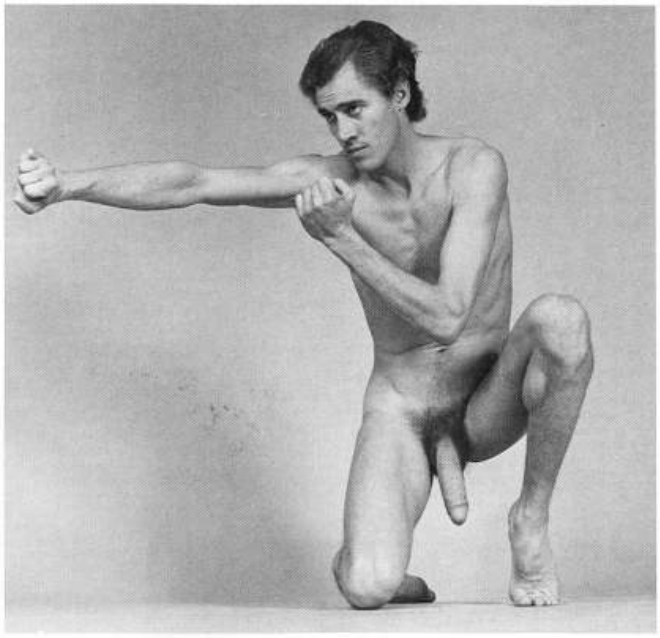
A COCKY PERFORMER

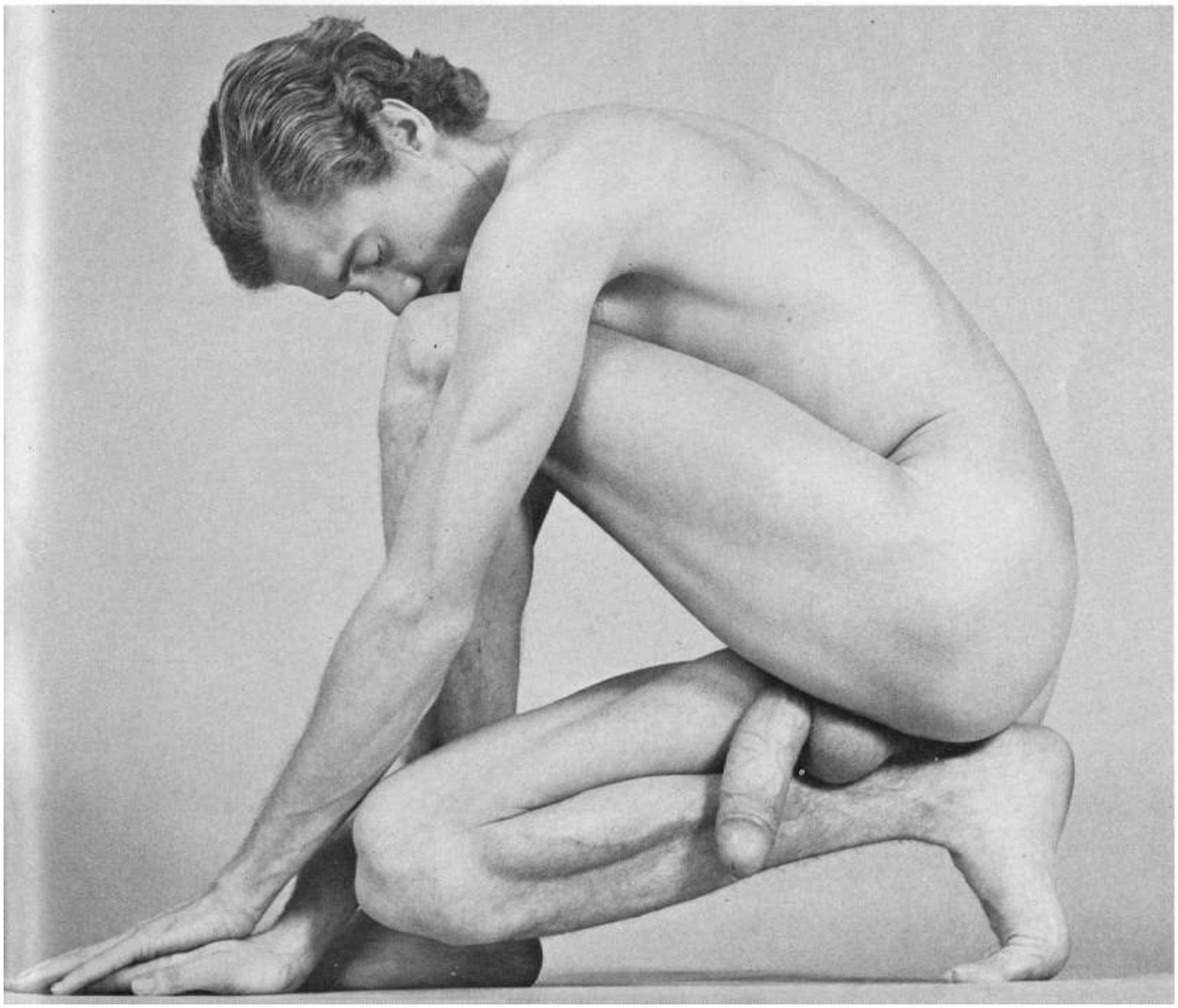


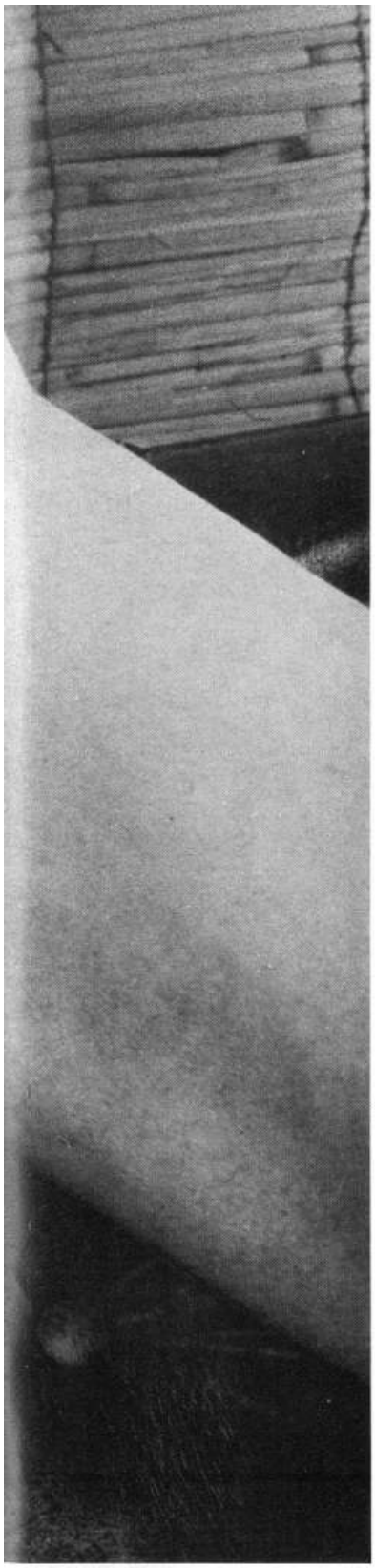


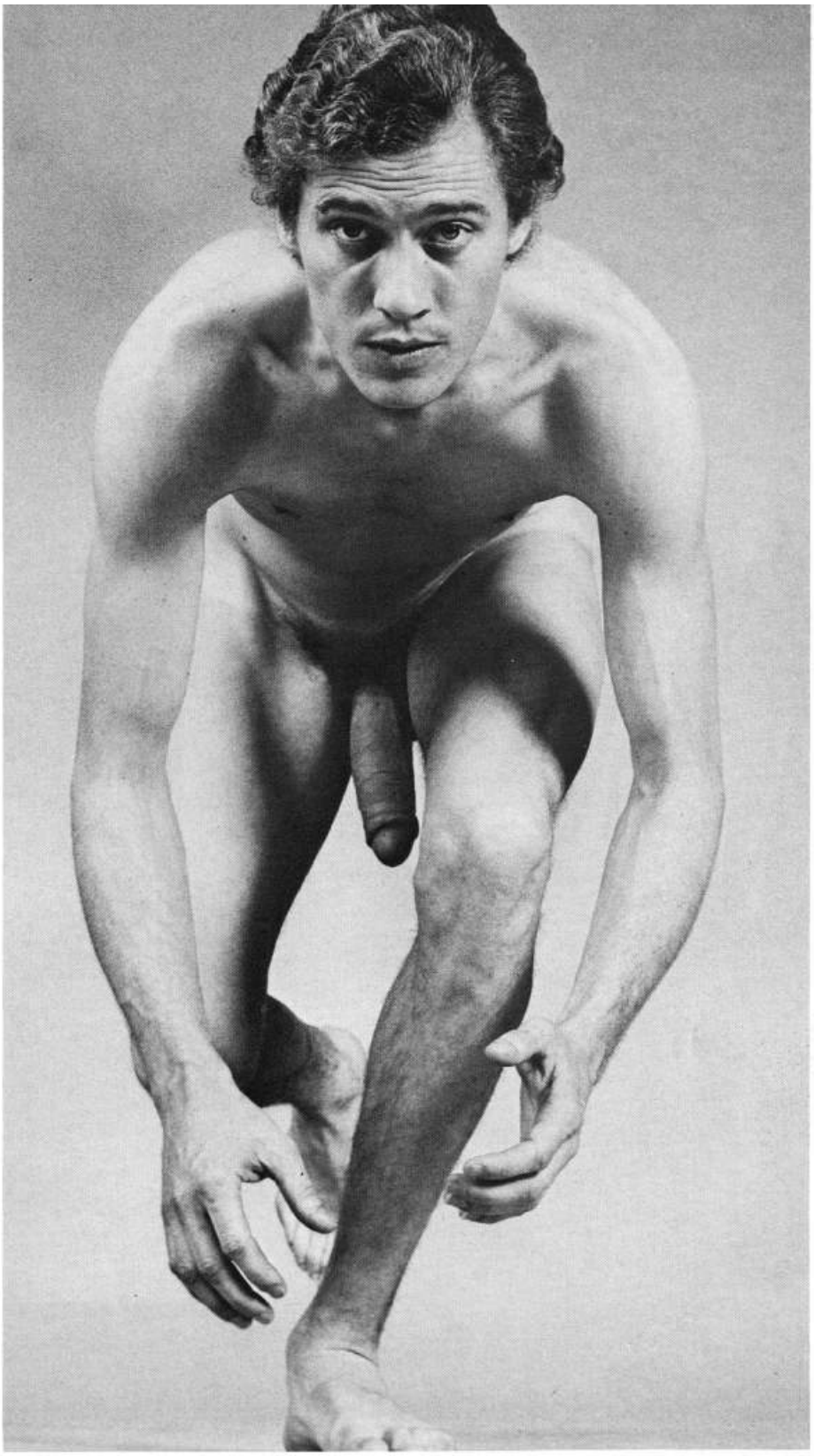
Having dipped his dong in more honey-pots than the average hard-up cocksman even dreams about, John could be suspected of being a bit jaded. Nothing could be farther from the truth. John loves sex and loves to work, to the point that he hasn't taken a vacation for years. But then, who needs to take time out from such a perfect mixture of business and pleasure? The tool of his trade has taken him all over the United States, Europe and the Orient, but John claims that among all those international muffs he has stuffed, he's never had a communications problem. This is because his performance speaks for itself and because, when he wants to, John can be a very cunning linguist!











The
Shooting
Star
of
Sex